

# The Mirror

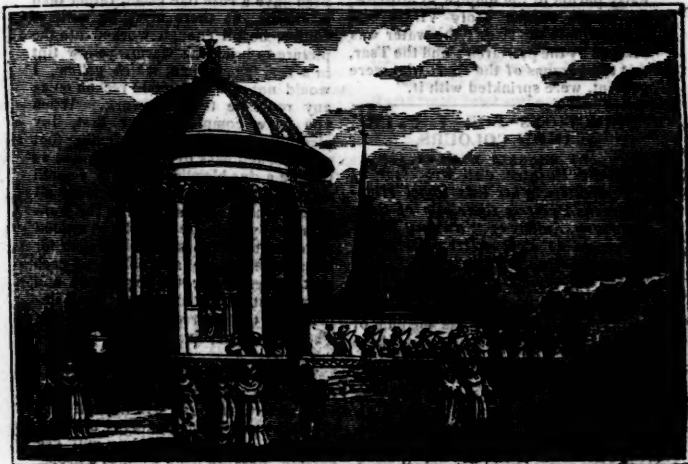
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XXXIX.]

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[Price 2d.]

## Benediction of the Neva.



THE Neva is one of the principal rivers of the vast empire of Russia. It issues from the Lake Ladoga, and flowing with a rapid course, discharges itself into the Gulf of Finland. A great part of the city of St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, is built on islands, formed by branches of the Neva, and by the rivers Fontanka and Moica, which makes the city subject to inundations, some of which have done great mischief, particularly that of 1777.

At St. Petersburg, there is annually a singular and interesting ceremony—the benediction of the waters of the Neva, of which we this week present our readers with a beautiful engraving. The celebrated traveller Dr. Clarke, in the last volume of whose travels, just published, we acknowledge ourselves indebted for the engraving, was present at the ceremony, which he thus describes—

“The benediction of the waters of the Neva, takes place on the 6th of January, (Old Style) and was formerly celebrated with great splendour and magnificence, on the river. At present,

a small temple, of an octagon form, made of wood, painted and adorned with crosses and pictures, representing parts of the history of John the Baptist, is erected on the Admiralty Canal: an inclosure is formed around it, and within is a hole cut in the ice. A platform, covered with scarlet cloth, leads from the palace to the temple; along which the procession advances, consisting of the archbishop, accompanied by bishops and dignitaries of the church, the imperial family, and persons attached to the court. Having arrived at the temple, different prayers are recited; after which, the archbishop descends a ladder, placed within the octagon building, and dips the cross thrice in the water; the benediction being pronounced at the same time. Some of the water is then taken up in a vessel, and sprinkled on the surrounding spectators. The military, with their standards; the religious orders, in their different dresses; the presence of the imperial family; and the crowds of people assembled together, form a very striking scene. The last occasion on

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which Peter the Great appeared in public, was at the celebration of this ceremony. He was previously indisposed; a severe cold attacked him on the day of the benediction of the waters, increased his disorder, and in a short time brought on his death. At the celebration of a ceremony of the same kind, which was instituted in the early period of the empire, at Moscow, an image of the Holy Virgin was plunged into the river; the water was blessed by the patriarch; and the Tsar, and the persons of the court who were present, were sprinkled with it."

### DIRECTIONS FOR COPYING IN OIL COLOURS,

BY CHARLES HATTEY,  
*Portrait Painter and Professor of  
Perspective to her late Royal High-  
ness the Princess Charlotte of Saxe  
Coburg, Author of "an easy Intro-  
duction to Perspective, Drawing,  
and Painting," &c.*

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Sir,—I offer the following directions to the public through the medium of your Journal, with a considerable share of confidence, having had certain evidences of their utility. It will plainly appear, however, that they can only be of any service to those who can draw correctly; and are presumed to follow the instructions which are given:

First, draw (with white chalk, or a pipe-clay crayon) as perfect an outline as you can, of every part of the original picture. Then go over it again, with a correcting eye and hand with a soft black lead pencil, and wipe away the white chalk. You may pencil some of the marked shadows; it ought and will complete the design and expression, if properly done. Then begin a thin shading, with Vandyke brown, and touch all the high lights with pure white, still looking after the forms of each separate light and shade of the picture, so that this process, when done, may produce the effect of a good drawing in bistre, leaving the canvass for a tint, wherever it will serve, not only in the flesh, but the whole picture, whatever it represents; this, if well done, will be as good as a pale (it must be pale) print of the original.

Now begin with your colours to lay an equal thickness of paint over every part, so that the canvass may be fully covered with embodied paint, that is, paint mixt with white, filling up each portion of the whole, with a tint as nearly like the original as possible; but

paler, rather than darker, because in pure oil painting, lights should never have a darker paint under, especially, of the shade class, such as have black in them: but you may paint a lighter tint of flesh over any of the pure red class, that are darker, and it is in effect, covering the natural blood with its skin. Let all your first painting of flesh have a rose like effect, rather than a *crocus*, as there most, or will, of course, be oil enough worked into the picture to bring the warm, yellow tint in a very short time, which yellow, I would not advise you to reckon on as any requisite to your work. When you have completed your first, lay plentiful of paint, take a softening tool or brush and pass over the colours so as to give a due blending, and to smooth down the lumps of paint and leave all even. Should you succeed in the work thus far, your copy will be in a good state to begin to search minutely for the finishing force and colour of each part, never losing the expression and form, first obtained, which must depend on the corrections and labour. The greater your knowledge of anatomy the better.

The boiled oil, called drying oil, mixed equally with mastic varnish, is in very general use, and will do well with the dark colours and glazings; but pure white and all the light tints will dry quickly, because flake white is a dryer. All your tints on the pallet should be of an equal degree of moisture, so that all should flow under the pencil alive; yet, the whiter tints may most safely be diluted with fine nut oil and mastic varnish: or, best of all, linseed oil, buried in a bottle in a dunghill for three months, which will produce about one third of any quantity pure, the greasy matter being sunk and settled at the bottom. Fine spirits of turpentine and nut oil mixed, is a very safe vehicle for pure tints, but will dry chalky; the final varnishing will remedy that.

Your first observation on the general Hue of an old picture, when commencing the copy, should be to search out a part which you are certain was originally touched with fine pure white, and take a piece of white on the end of your knife and place close to this original touch, by which comparison you will find what degree of lowering the whole picture has sustained by time; and if you begin your copy by securing this point or mass with pure white, and let it remain tenaciously unaltered, as the key note of your copy, if you possess

due harmony of eye, your whole copy will by this rule become as the *original* restored to its primitive freshness. Do not dwell on the light parts of your picture in its early stage, but bring on the whole general force of the effect by securing *first*, the absolute and total shades throughout the picture in their proper colours, as nearly as possible, rather leaning to something short of their final depth; then the next class of shades in the same order; then the third, or all those subtle retirings, which evidently do, or should, possess, some small portion of the *modelling*, or *shade tint*. Now if your light parts were happily laid in at the first covering, your study will only want that refinement of attention which is always to be found under the high influence of *light*, where all the colours of Iris display their primitive lustre.

C. H.

#### THE CORONATION OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—As Saturday, the 19th of July, is the anniversary of the inauguration of our present Sovereign, I trust an Ode upon the occasion, with a correct description of the New Imperial Crown, made for that ceremony, will not be unacceptable to your readers. Yours,

PRINTASO.

#### THE NEW IMPERIAL CROWN.

The cap of this unequalled Crown is of a dark crimson velvet, lined inside with ermine of the finest quality, and surmounted with a fillet of beautiful pearls; immediately above which is a broad band composed of large diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies of exquisite colour and brilliancy. Above this splendid band, disposed at equal distances upon the circumference, are four Maltese crosses, consisting of brilliants, the spaces between which crosses are occupied by four diamond flowers, of equal size, lustre, and elegance. In the centre of the front cross is an unique sapphire, two inches and a quarter long by an inch broad, of a pure dead azure colour. The centre of the back cross contains the ancient ruby worn by Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Cressy, in 1346, and by King Henry the Fifth at the victory of Agincourt, in 1415. The arches of the crown are wreathed and closely fringed with diamonds. The Orb at the top is two inches and a quarter in diameter, and thickly set with brilliants. Upon the orb a Maltese cross of brilliants, transparently set, and a pearl of remarkable

size and beauty terminating each outer extremity, surmounts the whole, and completes the dazzling structure.

#### THE INAUGURATION.

What means this stately throng  
In gorgeous robes and dazzling gems  
arrayed,  
Who from the Hall of Rufus wind along.  
By countless multitudes with awe surveyed?

Lo! the resplendent train  
Approaches now the venerable pile,  
Where to the King of Kings, in lofty strain,  
Burst forth loud anthems through each solemn aisle.

Who now bends his knee  
In humblest homage to th' eternal Lord?  
Th' acknowledged heir of England's  
Majesty,  
Heir to her crown, her sceptre, and her sword!

The pious, wise, and brave,  
With Britain's diadem invest their King;

O'er him chaste beauty's plumes and  
streamers wave:  
Around, triumphant acclamations ring!

Before the Lord Most High  
Again the Monarch and his nobles  
kneel;

To God for pardon, grace, and wisdom  
cry,  
To guide and bless them for the common weal.

And shall not we unite  
With their petitions to the skies, our  
own,  
To bless our King, direct his heart  
aright,  
And build on truth and righteousness  
his throne?

#### FAIRLOP OAK.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR—I take the liberty of correcting a mis-statement in the 36th Number of the Mirror, wherein you state that the only remains of the Fairlop tree are to be found in Wanstead Church. Now to my knowledge the remains of the tree were purchased by Mr. Seabrook, the builder of St. Pancras New Church, and both the magnificent pulpits of that church were formed out of it, and they are certainly the most beautiful of their kind to be met with.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

VERITAS.

1810 ST. SWITHIN'S DAY, an eccle-  
sias. feast, on JULY 15th.

St. Swithun, at his own previous solicitation, was buried at Winchester, in the common cemetery, or churchyard, instead of the chapel of the Minister, as was the general usage with other bishops; but his fame did not suffer by such humility. The services he had rendered the Ecclesiastics were great, and that body did not prove ungrateful; his grave was soon marked as peculiarly efficacious to the suffering Christians, and miracles out of number were recorded to have been wrought by his holy remains. One man who had lost his eyes, had them restored to him; and others received similar benefits; none, indeed, were refused relief; who applied for it with an humble heart, and firm reliance in the Saint's exertion; hence he naturally soon acquired the name of *Merciful*.—Such an extensive benevolence became the theme of universal praises; an order was obtained to remove the holy reliques into the choir, as better spitting their merits; and a grand and solemn procession was appointed to grate the ceremony. A most violent rain shower, however, fell on the destined day, and continued for 30 others, without intermission; in consequence of which, the idea of a removal was abandoned, as *displeasing* to St. Swithun, and as such, heretical and blasphemous: though it would appear that the Saint afterwards relented, and permitted his bones to be taken from the cemetery, and lodged among the remains of the other bishops, in the year 1093. The vulgar adage, that we shall have forty days continuance of wet weather whenever rain falls on St. Swithun's Festival, no doubt, arose from this presumed supernatural circumstance. Without disputing the fact from which the popular fancy sprang, which, notwithstanding the glaring errors and absurdities of the Monkish writers, is very probable to have been the case; there is, nevertheless, not any occasion to have recourse to a miracle to account for such a phenomenon. Experience has amply shown, that whenever a wet season sets in about the end of June to the middle of July, when the heat of the sun is usually the most intense, it generally continues to nearly the end of the Summer, when the action of that orb has considerably abated; the rain affording matter for exhalation, always naturally the strongest

at the hottest period of the year, and those exhalations yielding in return matter for rain.

## THE ANGLER.

### No. IV.

*The Par, or Samlet—Perch—Pike—Pope—Roach and Rud.*

*The Par, or Samlet*, is a fish that is known by different names in different parts of Great Britain. On the river Wye it is usually called a skirling; in Yorkshire, a brandling; in Northumberland, a rack-rider; and in some parts of England, a fingerling, from the resemblance of its spotted streaks to the human fingers. *Par*, or *Samlet*, is its Scottish name; and in that part of Britain it is best known. Some have affirmed, that it is the blended spawn of the trout and salmon. This opinion is strengthened by the circumstance of their usually frequenting the same haunts with the salmon and sea-trout; and their being forked in their tail like the former.

*The Perch* is a very bold biting fish, and affords excellent amusement to the angler. He is distinguished by the beauty of his colours, and by a large erection on his back, strongly armed with stiff and sharp bristles, which he can raise or depress at pleasure. Defended by this natural excrescence, he bids defiance to the attacks of the ravenous and enormous pike, and will even dare to attack one of his own species. *Perch* spawn about the beginning of March, and measure from eight to fourteen inches. In fishing for perch with a minnow, or brandling, the hook should be run through the back fin of the bait, which must hang about six inches from the ground. A large cork float should be attached to the line, which should be leaded about nine inches from the hook. It must be observed that they invariably refuse a fly.

*The Pike, Lucie, or Jack*, is a fish of enormous size, and the greatest voracity; indeed so notorious is he for the latter quality, as to have gained the appellation of the fresh water shark. They are also great breeders. According to a common but fallacious account, they were originally brought to England about the reign of Henry VIII. They were certainly at that time considered as great rarities. Their usual time of spawning is about March, in extremely shallow waters. The finest pike are those which feed in clear rivers; those of fens or meres, being of very

inferior quality. They grow to a vast size in these last mentioned places, where they feed principally on frogs, and such like nutriment. They are reckoned to be the most remarkable for longevity of all fresh water fish; are solitary and melancholy in their habits, generally swimming by themselves, and remaining alone in their haunts, until compelled by hunger to roam in quest of food. A high wind, or a dark cloudy day, promises the best sport in angling for this fish; as their appetite is keener at those periods.

There are three modes of catching pike: by the ledger, the trolling, or walking bait, and the trimmer. The ledger is a bait fixed by a stick driven into the ground, in one particular spot, or the angler's rod may be so secured; a live bait is attached to the hook, such as dace, gudgeon, or roach; and, if a frog is made use of, the largest and yellowest will be found the most tempting. Sufficient line must be left free to allow the pike to carry the bait to his haunts. When fish are used as baits, the hook must be securely struck through the upper lip; and the line should be between twelve and fourteen yards in length. If a frog be made use of for a bait, the arming wire of the hook should be put in at the mouth, and out at the side, and the hinder leg of one side should be fastened to it with strong silk. The second method, or trolling for pike, is the most general, and, at the same time, the most diverting way of catching them; there are several small rings, which are fixed to each joint of the trolling rod; and on the bottom and thickest joint a reel is placed. To this reel twenty or thirty yards of line, according to the option of the angler, are not uncommonly attached; the line passes through each ring of the rod, and is then joined to the gimp, or wire, to which the hook, or hooks, are suspended. Two large hooks are used, about the size adapted to perch-fishing, which are placed back to back. There is also a little chain, which hangs between the two hooks, and at the end of this chain is a leaden plummet, sewn, or fastened in some secure way, into the mouth of a dead fish, and the hooks are left exposed on the outside. The bait, when it is thus fastened, is constantly moved about in the water; that, by the continuance and variety of its movements (being sometimes raised, and sometimes kept sinking), now going with the stream, now against it, the resemblance to life may

appear more striking and probable. The pike, if he be near, no sooner perceives this bait, than he immediately darts at it with velocity, supposing it to be a living fish, and drags it within him to his hole, where, in about ten or twelve minutes, he voraciously devours it, and implants the two hooks in his body. When he is thus secured, you must allow him ample time to fatigue and weary himself; then drag him slowly and carefully to shore, and land him with your net, being cautious of his bite.

The third mode by which pike are occasionally caught, is by the trimmer, a small wooden cylinder, round which, about the middle, in a small diameter, twenty or thirty yards of strong platted silk, or packthread, are wound. A yard, or perhaps more, as occasion suits, is suffered to hang down in the water, tied to the armed wire of a hook, constructed for the purpose, and baited with a living fish, commonly a roach. The trimmer is now permitted to go, wherever the current drives it, and the angler silently follows, until a fish has poached the bait, when he comes up and secures his prey, and retires with it to the reeds, near the shore. Whatever fish are made use of in catching pike, they should be fresh, and preserved in a tin kettle, the water of which, if changed frequently, will considerably improve them.

It may be noted in this place, that pike are denominated juck, until they have attained the length of twenty-four inches; their usual haunts are shady, still, unfrequented waters, near which are dark overhanging boughs, and abundance of weeds; they are also to be met with in standing waters, or ditches, which are partly overspread with that green slimy substance, which is better known by the name of duck weed. In such places he is sometimes discovered at the top; and occasionally in the middle of the water; but in cold weather he is almost always at the bottom.

The Pope, or Ruff, is a fish very similar in its nature and appearance to the perch; and is frequently caught when fishing for the latter. They spawn in March and April, and are taken with a brandling, gentles, or caddis. They are extremely voracious in their disposition, and will devour a minnow, which is almost as big as themselves. In their favourite haunts of gentle deep streams, overhung by trees, they swim in shoals together;



and you may fish for them either at the top or the bottom of the water, as they are known to bite in almost any weather, and in any situation. Their average length is from six to seven inches.

*Roach* are frequently taken with flies under water. They will bite at all the baits which are prepared for chub or dace, and are considered a simple and foolish fish. They spawn in May, and turn red when boiled. The compactness of their flesh gave rise to the proverb "Sound as a roach." The roach haunts shallow and gentle streams, and the mouths of small streams which run into larger ones. In angling for roach, the tackle must be strong, and the float large and well leaded.

The *Rud*, or *Finscale*, is a very scarce fish, found only in the river Cherwell, in Oxfordshire, and a few of the lakes of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. It sheds its spawn in April, will take all kinds of worms, and will rise at an artificial float. Its colour is a kind of yellowish brown, and its average length from nine to fifteen inches. J. W.

### The Robelist.

No. XXXIII.

#### GOOD AND BAD NEWS.

A certain rich man of Arabia was sitting down to his repast at a plentiful table, when a poor countryman, oppressed with hunger, unexpectedly arrived from the place of his abode. The rich Arabian immediately inquires, "Whence came you?" "Not far," replies the other, "from the neighbourhood of your family." "What news do you bring?" "Ha!" replies the other, "I can undertake to answer all your questions, be they ever so many." "Well," began the rich Arab, "did you see a boy of mine that goes by the name of Khulid?" "Yes; your son was at school reading the Koran: Khulid, I can tell you, has a clear pipe of his own." "Did you see Khulid's mother?" "By my troth, a lady of such exquisite beauty, the world holds not her equal!" "Did you observe my great house?" "The roof of your house, I remember, touched the skies." "Did you see my camel?" "A fat young beast it is, and eats plenty of grass." "And did you see my honest dog?" "In truth, it is an honest dog, and watches the house with such fidelity."

The rich man having heard the good news of his family, again fell to eating; but he requited not the poor Arab

with the smallest gratification. The hungry wretch, at this usage, reflecting in his own mind, "of all this good I have been the bearer, yet he has not relieved my hunger with a morsel of bread. Alas!" said he, giving a deep sigh, "would to God your honest dog were living, who was so much better than this cur!" The rich man, who had been wholly engaged in eating, stopped in an instant, "What," cried he, "my honest dog dead!" "Why nothing would go down with him but the camel's carcase." "Is the camel dead, then?" "The beast died of pure love for Khulid's mother." "The mother of Khulid! is she dead?" "Alas! too true; in the distraction of her mind, for the loss of Khulid, she dashed her head against the stones, fractured her head, and perished." "What has happened to Khulid?" "At the time your great house fell, Khulid was present, and now lies buried under the ruins." "What mischief befel the great house?" "Such a hurricane came on, that your great house shook like a reed, and not one stone was left upon another." The rich Arab, who, at the recital of these events, had given over eating, now wept and wailed, rent his garments, and beat his breast; and, at last, wound up to madness, rushed forth in the madness of despair. The hungry Arab, seeing the place clear, seized the golden opportunity, fastened on the viands, and regaled to his heart's content. J. M. L.

#### THE PARLIAMENT OF CROWS.

Landt, a Danish writer, author of an interesting description of the Feroe Islands, of which an English translation appeared some time ago, observes, that, in these Islands, the crows are singularly troublesome, deriving great part of their subsistence from plunder. Not content with picking seed from the field, they dig up the newly planted potatoes, destroy the barley before it is ripe, cut off the cabbage roots, and those of almost every other garden vegetable; devour the fish which is hung up to dry, and carry off the goslings and ducklings. Necessity has made them omnivorous. They will even enter houses where people are sitting in search of prey.

But the most singular fact stated respecting them, relates to those extraordinary assemblies which may be called *Crow Courts* or *Parliaments*, which are observed in the Feroe Islands,

as well as in the Scotch Isles. The crows collect in great numbers, as if they had been all summoned for the occasion. A few of the flock sit with drooping heads; others, says Landt, seem as grave as if they were judges, and some are exceedingly active and noisy: in the course of about an hour the company disperse, and it is not uncommon, after they have flown away, to find one or two left dead on the spot.

Dr. Edmonston, in his *View of the Zetland Islands*, says, that sometimes the meeting does not appear to be complete before the expiration of a day or two, crows coming from all quarters to the session. As soon as they are all arrived, a very general noise ensues, and, shortly after, the whole fall upon one or two individuals, and put them to death; when this execution has been performed, they quietly disperse.

The crows in *Feroe* feed also upon shell-fish, which they carry to a considerable height, and then let them fall upon the rocks. In this they show more sagacity than the *Hamatopus Ostrilegus*, which sometimes, when a large muscle is gaping, thrusts its bill in, and is caught by the closing shell.

### JEMMY AND ANNA.

A BALLAD.

Loud howl'd rude Boreas round the cot

Where sleepless Anna lay,  
Weeping her Jemmy's dreaded lot,  
Sighing for tardy day.

Mournful the dashing billows roar,  
Fast pours the beating rain;  
And sounds of anguish pierce the shore,  
From wrecks that strew the main.

Sure 'tis Jemmy's voice I hear!  
(The tortur'd damsel cries:)  
And what has Anna not to fear,  
If her lov'd Jemmy dies!

Now o'er the swampy mead she treads,  
With eager steps, tho' slow;  
Nor night, nor falling tempests dreads,  
Nor threatening waves below.

With painful toil, the fearless maid  
A rugged cliff ascends;  
And o'er the deep, still undismay'd,  
Her angel form she bends.

There listens to each note of woe,  
That, moaning in the wind,  
Swift as it flies, is yet too slow  
To save the life behind.

The struggling victims cried for aid,  
Alas! no aid appear'd;  
And nature's last sad debt was paid,  
Ere their last sighs were heard.

But what was lovely Anna's grief,  
When the first dawn of light,  
That idly promis'd her relief,  
Display'd the cruel sight!

The well-known vessel she espies  
Dash'd on the rugged shore;  
And, blended with the ruin, lies  
Her Jemmy—now no more!

Swift fled the roses from her cheeks,  
The lustre from her eyes;

"Oh, Jemmy! Jemmy!"—twice she shrieks,

On his cold corpse she dies.

W. B.

### TO DUN.—A PARODY.

To *dun*? or not to *dun*? that's the question!

Whether 'tis better that the purse should suffer

Forlack of cash, by baneful emptiness,  
Or by a gentle *dun* to fill it up?

To *dun*—to be denied—denied with  
"call again";

Ah! there's the rub!—for in that "call again"

What evils come—what disappointment  
sore—

Chagrin and woe; what time is wasted?  
What shoes are worn, in consequence,  
Must give us pain.

'Tis this that makes so many debts not  
worth collecting;

'Tis this which sickens business to despair,

And keeps from honest labour its reward!

While thus in language of complaint  
we speak,

We don't forget our many many friends;  
To them our gratitude we owe,

To them our gratitude we freely pay;  
Buoyed by their kindness, still our

bark shall sail,  
Enjoy the pleasing calm—

Nor dread the boist'rous gale.

### ORIENTAL LOVE-LETTER.

The following letter was sent by the Persian Ambassador Abba Mirza, to an English lady, who had made a deep impression on his Excellency's heart:

"When your glances dart like arrows from the bow of your eye-brow, millions of hearts are wounded. You now direct your shafts against a languishing soul; but though aimed at it for the first time, their aim could not be missed. When sharing with you the intoxicating cup of love, if an angel descended from Heaven were to appear at the gate of my palace, I would not open it. In vain the most fatal examples warn us not to enter the bazaar

of love; I heed them not, and constantly expose myself to new dangers. I have thrown open the magazine of my soul; alas! I tremble lest the purchaser should enter it at my cost. My heart, sick with love for you, drinks with rapture the poisoned cup of death; but such are the transports I experience, that thousands must envy my lot. The dust of the threshold of your door is a precious ointment to my eye—why am I not permitted to enjoy it? A thousand afflictions weigh on the heart of the Ambassador; when separated from you, perhaps these lines may recal him to your memory."

### **LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN CHINA.**

Dangers attending Authorship in China, illustrated by the Fate of Whang-seo-heon, whose crime is thus set forth in the Report of his Judges.

"We find," say they—"1. That he has presumed to meddle with the great Dictionary of Kang-hi; having made an abridgment of it, in which he has had the audacity to contradict some passages of that excellent and authentic work. 2. In the preface to his abridgment, we have seen with horror, that he has dared to write the little names (that is, the primitive family names) of Confucius, and even of your Majesty—a temerity, a want of respect, which has made us shudder. 3. In the genealogy of his family and his poetry, he has asserted that he is descended from the Whang-tee."

"When asked why he had dared to meddle with the great Dictionary of Kang-hi, he replied—That Dictionary is very voluminous and inconvenient; I have made an abridgment which is less cumbersome and expensive."

"Being questioned how he could have the audacity to write in the preface to this Dictionary, the little names of the Emperors of the reigning dynasty, he answered—I know that it is unlawful to pronounce the little names of the Emperors. I introduced them into my Dictionary, merely that young people might know what those names were, and not be liable to use them by mistake. I have, however, acknowledged my error, by reprinting my Dictionary, and omitting what was amiss."

We replied, that the little names of the Emperor and of Confucius were known to the whole empire. He pro-

tested that he had long been ignorant of them; and that he had not known them himself till he was thirty years old, when he saw them for the first time in the hall, where the literati compose their pieces, in order to obtain degrees.

"When asked how he had dared to assert that he was descended from the Whang-tee, he said:—It was a vanity that came into my head. I wanted to make people believe that I was somebody."

If there were in these three charges any thing really reprehensible according to the broad principles of universal morality, it was the fabrication of an illustrious genealogy. This imposture, censurable in any case, might have been designed to make dupes, and perhaps to form a party; but the Judges of Whang-seo-heon attached less importance to this charge than to the other two. They declared the author guilty of high treason on the first charge, and pronounced this sentence:—

"According to the laws of the empire, this crime ought to be rigorously punished. The criminal shall be cut in pieces, his goods confiscated, and his children and relatives above the age of sixteen years put to death. His wives, his concubines, and his children, under sixteen, shall be exiled and given as slaves to some grandee of the empire."

The Sovereign was graciously pleased to mitigate the severity of this sentence, in an edict to this effect. "I favour Whang-seo-heon in regard to the nature of his punishment. He shall not be cut in pieces, and shall only have his head cut off! I forgive his relatives. As to his sons, let them be reserved for the great execution in autumn. Let the sentence be executed in its other points: such is my pleasure."

The following literary notice is at present exhibited in a bookseller's window, in the vicinity of Edinburgh: "Ringan Gilhaize, or the Covenanters, lent out to read by the author of Sir Andrew Wylie of that ilk."

Two court ladies having had a very warm dispute, and called one another by the worst of names, the Duc de Roquelaure asked, "Have they called one another ugly?" He was answered in the negative. "Pooh," he rejoined, "then I will soon reconcile them."



# Fanatical Preachers.



Most of our readers have, we doubt not, heard of Praise-God-Barebone, a leatherseller, of Fleet-street, and member of one of Cromwell's parliaments, which, after him, was called Barebone's Parliament. He was a great fanatic, and so popular in his day, that when Monk came to London with a view to restore the King, Barebone appeared at the head of a rabble so formidable as even to alarm that intrepid General. Monk, however, getting the authority of Parliament, and the consent of the city that the port-culloses should be destroyed, soon was enabled to put Barebone and his host to flight.

The latest memorial we find recorded of this worthy is by Bulstrode Whitelock, who informs us, that on the 31st of March 1659, Mr. Praise-God-Barebone signed an engagement to the Council of State not to act any thing in disturbance of the peace.

A defeated party has seldom much lenity shown, and Barebone and his coadjutors became the subject of many ballads, from one of which, entitled, "A Word to Fanatics, Puritans, and Sectaries; or, New Preachers New," we have copied the rude, but curious and antiquated engraving which we have placed at the head of this article. It represents a scene where "Mr. Barebone, a reverend unlearned leatherseller, who, with Mr. Green, the felt-maker, were both taken preaching or prating, in a conventicle, amongst a hundred persons, on Sunday the 19th

of December, 1641." The object of the work is to ridicule such persons as without education undertake to expound the Scriptures, and who, ignorant themselves, have the vanity to pretend to teach others.

In the fanatical time of Cromwell, Scripture phrases were very frequently adopted as Christian names. Praise-God Barebone was an instance, and he is said to have had two brothers, one called "Christ came into the world to save Barebone;" the other, "If Christ hadst not died, thou hadst been Damm'd Barebone." A list is even recorded of a jury said to have been impanelled in the county of Sussex about these times, with the following names:

*Accepted*, Trevor of Norsham.  
*Redeemed*, Compton of Battle.  
*Faith not*, Hewitt of Heathfield.  
*Make peace*, Heaton of Hure.  
*God Reward*, Smart of Fivehurst.  
*Standfast on High*, Stringer of Crowhurst.  
*Earth*, Adams of Warbleton.  
*Called*, Lower of the same.  
*Kill Sin*, Pimple of Witham.  
*Return*, Spelman of Watling.  
*Be Faithful*, Joiner of Britling.  
*Fly Debate*, Roberts of the same.  
*Fight the good Fight of Faith*, White of Emer.  
*More Fruit*, Fowler of East Hadley.  
*Hope for*, Bending of the same.  
*Graceful*, Harding of Lewes.  
*Weep not*, Billing of the same.  
*Meek*, Brewer of Okeham.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### THE VILLAGE BELLS.

In the absence of any other national music, let us not disdain to appropriate to ourselves that which is undoubtedly our exclusive property—the art of ringing changes upon church bells, whence England has been sometimes termed “the ringing island.” Although it be simply a melody, the construction of regular peals is susceptible of considerable science in the variety of interchange, and the diversified succession of consonances in the sounds produced. Many of them bear the names of their composers, who thus bid fair to be rung down to the latest posterity; and that the exercise of taking part in a peal has never been deemed an ignoble amusement, is attested by the fact, that we have several respectable associations for practising and perpetuating the art, particularly one known by the name of the College Youths, of which Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, was, in his youthful days, a member. Exclusively of the delight arising from the melody itself as it floats along, gladdening hill and dale, tower and hamlet, what can be sweeter or more soothing than all the associations of thought connected with a merry peal of village bells? Announcing the Sabbath-morning—the common day of rest, when we all cease from our toils, they remind us that the humblest of those whose lot is labour, will now betake themselves in decent garb and with cheerful looks to the Temple, where all the children of the Great Parent, without distinction of rank, assemble together to offer up their general thanksgivings. Nothing can be more natural than the words which Cowper has put into the mouth of Alexander Selkirk, to express the desolation and solitude of the uninhabited island on which he had been cast.

“The sound of the church-going bell,  
These valleys and rocks never heard;  
Never sigh’d at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear’d.”

Of all the public duties which bells are called upon to perform, the most puzzling and embarrassing must be the due apportionment of their fealty to the old and new monarch, when the former—dies, we were going to say, but kings never die;—when he ceases to

reign, and is under the necessity of laying in the dust the head which has worn a crown. Death is a sad radical: Horace assures us, that even in his days it was a matter of perfect indifference to the ghostly destroyer whether he aimed his dart at the towers of kings, or the hovels of the peasantry; and in these revolutionary times we may be sure that he has lost nothing of his Carbonari spirit. Bells, however, acknowledge the authority of the powers that be; their suffrages obey the influence of the clergy, tolerably shrewd calculators of the most beneficial chances of loyalty, and yet the brazen mourners must sometimes be in a sad dilemma between their sorrow for the loss of the old, and their joy at the accession of the new king. Like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, we may imagine them quite at a loss which expression to assume, whether to toll a knell or ring a peal, or strike a serio-comic chord between the two. Affection for the dead might be construed into disaffection for the living, but a reigning sovereign has so much more power of patronage than a defunct one, that they generally obey the injunction of the royal Henry to his impatient heir,

“Go, bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.”

*New Monthly Magazine.*

### VAGARIES OF IMAGINATION.

It is well known how a man was cured who fancied that he was dead, and refused all sustenance. His friends deposited him with all due formalities in a dark cellar. One of them caused himself soon afterwards to be carried into the same place in a coffin, containing a plentiful supply of provisions, and assured him that it was customary to eat and drink in that world, as well as in the one which they had just left. He suffered himself to be persuaded, and recovered.—Another, who imagined that he had no head, (a notion that is not so common as the reverse) was speedily convinced of the real existence of his head, by a heavy hat of lead which was set upon it, and which, by its pressure, made him feel for the first time, during a long period, that he actually possessed this necessary appendage.—But the most dangerous state of all is, when the imagination fixes upon things, the lively representation of which may finally in-

duce their realization. Of this sort was a case which fell under my own professional experience, and which affords one of the most striking proofs of the power of an overstrained imagination.

A youth of sixteen, of a weakly constitution and delicate nerves, but in other respects quite healthy, quitted his room in the dusk of the evening, but suddenly returned, with a face pale as death and looks betraying the greatest terror, and in a tremulous voice told a fellow-student who lived in the same room with him, that he should die at nine o'clock in the morning of the day after the next. His companion naturally considered this sudden transformation of a cheerful youth into a candidate for the grave as very extraordinary: he inquired the cause of this notion, and, as the other declined to satisfy his curiosity, he strove at least to laugh him out of it. His efforts, however, were unavailing. All the answer he could obtain from his comrade was, that his death was certain and inevitable. A number of well-meaning friends assembled about him, and endeavoured to wean him from his idea by lively conversation, jokes, and even satirical remarks. He sat among them with a gloomy, thoughtful look, took no share in their discourse, sighed, and at length grew angry when they began to rally him. It was hoped that sleep would dispel this melancholy mood; but he never closed his eyes, and his thoughts were engaged all night with his approaching decease. Early next morning I was sent for. I found, in fact, the most singular sight in the world—a person in good health making all the arrangements for his funeral, taking an affecting leave of his friends, and writing a letter to his father, to acquaint him with his approaching dissolution, and to bid him farewell. I examined the state of his body, and found nothing unusual but the paleness of his face, eyes dull and rather inflamed with weeping, coldness of the extremities, and a low contracted pulse—indications of a general cramp of the nerves, which was sufficiently manifested in the state of his mind. I endeavoured, therefore, to convince him, by the most powerful arguments, of the futility of his notion, and to prove that a person whose bodily health was so good, had no reason whatever to apprehend speedy death: in short, I exerted all my eloquence and my professional knowledge, but without mak-

ing the slightest impression. He willingly admitted that I, as a physician, could not discover any cause of death in him; but this, he contended, was the peculiar circumstance of his case, that without any natural cause, merely from an unalterable decree of fate, his death must ensue; and though he could not expect us to share this conviction, still it was equally certain that it would be verified by the event of the following day. All that I could do, therefore, was to tell him, that under these circumstances I must treat him as a person labouring under a disease, and prescribe medicines accordingly. "Very well," replied he, "but you will see not only that your medicines will not do me any good, but that they will not operate at all."

There was no time to be lost, for I had only twenty-four hours left to effect a cure. I therefore judged it best to employ powerful remedies in order to release him from this bondage of his imagination. With this view a very strong emetic and cathartic were administered, and blisters applied to both thighs. He submitted to every thing, but with the assurance that his body was already half dead, and the remedies would be of no use. Accordingly, to my utter astonishment, I learned when I called in the evening, that the emetic had taken but little or no effect, and that the blisters had not even turned the skin red. He now triumphed over our incredulity, and deduced from this inefficacy of the remedies the strongest conviction that he was already little better than a corpse. To me the case began to assume a very serious aspect. I saw how powerfully the state of the mind had affected the body, and what a degree of insensibility it had produced; and I had just reason to apprehend that an imagination, which had reduced the body to such extremity, was capable of carrying matters to still greater lengths.

All our inquiries, as to the cause of his belief, had hitherto proved abortive. He now disclosed to one of his friends, but in the strictest confidence, that the preceding evening, on quitting his room, he had seen a figure in white, which beckoned to him, and at the same moment a voice pronounced the words—"The day after to-morrow, at nine in the morning, thou shalt die!" and the fate thus predicted nothing could enable him to escape. He now proceeded to set his house in order, made his will, and gave particular directions for his

funeral, specifying who were to carry, and who to follow him to the grave.—He had insisted on receiving the sacrament—a wish, however, which those about him evaded complying with.—Night came on, and he began to count the hours he had yet to live, till the fatal nine the next morning, and every time the clock struck, his anxiety evidently increased. I began to be apprehensive for the result; for I recollected instances in which the mere imagination of death had really produced a fatal result. I recollected also the feigned execution, when the criminal, after a solemn trial, was sentenced to be beheaded, and when, in expectation of the fatal blow, his neck was touched with a switch, on which he fell lifeless to the ground, as though his head had been really cut off: and this circumstance gave me reason to fear that a similar result might attend this case, and that the striking of the hour of nine might prove as fatal to my patient as the blow of the switch on the above-mentioned occasion. At any rate the shock communicated by the striking of the clock, accompanied by the extraordinary excitement of the imagination and the general cramp, which had determined all the blood to the head, and the internal parts, might produce a most dangerous revolution, spasms, fainting-fits, or hemorrhages; or even totally overthrow reason, which had already sustained so severe an attack.

What was then to be done? In my judgment every thing depended on carrying him, without his being aware of it, beyond the fatal moment; and it was to be hoped that as his whole delusion hinged upon this point, he would then feel ashamed of himself and be cured of it. I therefore placed my reliance on opium, which, moreover, was quite appropriate to the state of his nerves, and prescribed twenty drops of laudanum, with two grains of hen-bane, to be taken about midnight. I directed that if, as I hoped, he overslept the fatal hour, his friends should assemble round his bed, and on his awaking, laugh heartily at his silly notion, that, instead of being allowed to dwell upon the gloomy idea, he might be rendered thoroughly sensible of its absurdity.—My instructions were punctually obeyed: soon after he had taken the opiate, he fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till about eleven o'clock the next day. "What hour is it?" was the first question on opening his eyes; and when he heard how long he had overslept his death, and was at

the same time greeted with loud laughter for his folly, he crept ashamed under the bed clothes, and at length joined in the laugh, declaring that the whole affair appeared to him like a dream, and that he could not conceive how he could be such a simpleton.—Since that time he has enjoyed the best health, and has never had any similar attack.—*Ibid.*

#### BEING IN LOVE.

Being in love, like being in debt, is to be in a state of apprehension. From the first development in our hearts of that sensation which informs us that an object is not indifferent to us, to the moment of certainty, there is a perpetual irritation that makes what may be styled the fever of the passion, which, as medical men would say, takes a variety of character, from the slower kind of temperate climates, to the intense paroxysms of tropical ones.—The high-spirited man, warm in constitution, and full of ardour, will generally find love a tropical affection; while the lover of a thin diluted blood will be scarcely sensible of the insidious advances of his disorder. I imagine that love among the Quakers must be of the latter kind, and that all must proceed by chronometer movements, or, at least, that the Quakers possess the art of keeping down the tokens of what they style "carnal impressions" in a way most edifying even for divines in some other sects. A Quaker in love seems to subdue all the exacerbations of this most ungovernable passion, by moving, regardless of heel and spur, in an easy, tranquil, "cheek by jowl" pace. His eyes rarely turn upon the straight-laced object of his regard, unless under cover of the most inviolable stealth; he groans his love upon tip-toes in the tabernacle, having first planned it with a scale and compass right mathematically, and with all the squareness of his sect. Perhaps he only feels what is called physical love, which he has an uncommon power of regulating, and is a stranger to that arising from sentiment, passion, or vanity. However he contrives it, love with him seems a very different thing from what it is with the rest of the world. A Parson in love appears only to keep the philosophy of the thing in view, as an Irishman does the proceeds of the lady's fortune rather than the fair dame herself. With some, being in love is merely a matter of calculation and contract; with others, it is a register of sighs and melancholy, of romantic sen-

timents and impracticable expectations. Part of the anxieties of this important period in human existence arise out of the conventional forms of society. The state of nature knows nothing but physical love; the other genera have sprung from refinement. Accordingly the most whimsical things have prevailed in love affairs, invented, perhaps, to season the approaches of the lover with variety. One man advances as certain that love expires with the first kiss; he therefore prudently avoids saluting his mistress with his lips for a dozen years. A second confounds the means with the end, imagines the state of being in love is the happiest, and looks upon what the lover of passion hails as the summit of his wishes—the possession of his mistress—as the first step of love's decline. Another is so fastidious in his views, and possesses so much of what phrenologists would call “adorativeness” in his pericranium, that being in love, with him, (and oftentimes bending at a shrine at which no mortal being but himself would feel inclined to bow the knee,) is an act of complete devotion. Thus, much of love depends upon imagination rather than upon any thing positive; for there are instances of being in love with an imaginary object, as in some singularly constituted dispositions with a statue, like the Parisian girl who fell in love with the Apollo Belvidere.—*Ibid.*

### Miscellanies.

#### A MAN SELLING HIS OWN BODY.

The following curious letter was found among the papers of Mr. Goldwyr, late Surgeon, of Salisbury.

To Mr. Edward Goldwyr, at his House in the Close, of Salisbury:

Sir,—Being informed that you are the only surgeon in this city (or county) that anatomises men, and I being under the unhappy circumstance, and in a very mean condition, would gladly live as long as I can, but by all appearance, I am to be executed next March, having no friends on earth that will speak a word to save my life, nor send me a morsel of bread to keep life and soul together until that fatal day: so, if you will vouchsafe to come hither I will gladly sell you my body (being whole and sound), to be ordered at your discretion; knowing that it will rise again at the general resurrection, as well from your house as from the

grave. Your answer, sir, will highly oblige, Yours, &c.

JAMES BROOKS.

Fisherton-Anger Gaoi,

Oct. 3d, 1736.

#### SAILORS' LETTER.

When Louis XVIII. under the title of Count de Lille, sought the protection of the British shores, he landed at Yarmouth, from the Freya, Swedish frigate. The British sailors of the Majestic rowed him ashore; and the Count, grateful for the attention shewn to him, left a purse of fifteen guineas for the tars to drink his health. When the officer announced the present to the men, not one of them would touch a farthing of it, but immediately held council; and digesting a letter, transmitted it to Admiral Russell, expressive of their sentiments on the occasion, so truly characteristic of British seamen. The following is a literal copy of this singular relic of naval literature:

“Majestic; 6th day of Nov. 1807.

“Please your Honour,

“We holded a talk about that there 15l. that was sent us, and hope no offence, your honour. We don't like to take it, because, as how, we knows fast enuff, that it was the true king of France that went with your honour in the boat, and that he, and our own noble king, God bless 'em both, and give every one his right, is good friends now; and, besides that, your honour gived an order, long ago, not to take any money from no body, and we never did take none; and Mr. Leneve, that steered your honour and that there king, says he wont have no hand in it, and so does Andrew Young, the proper coxen; and we hopes no offence—so we all one and all, begs not to take it at all. So no more at present

From your honour's dutiful servants,

“Andrew Young, Coxen.

James Mann

Lewis Bryan

James Lord

James Hood

W. Edwards

Jan. Holshaw

Thomas Laurie

Thomas Siminers

Thomas Kesane

Simon Duff

W. Fairclough

John Cherrill

Thomas Laurence

Jacob Gabriel

William Muzzy.”

#### SINGULAR SACRIFICE.

In the winter of the year 1776, the Count and Countess Podotsky being on their way from Vienna to Cracow, the wolves, which are very numerous in



the Carpathian mountains, and when the cold is very severe are more bold and savage than usual, came down in hordes, and pursued the carriage between the towns of Osweik and Zator, the latter of which is only a few leagues from Cracow. Of two servants, one was sent before to bespeak post-horses; the other, whom the Count particularly esteemed for his fidelity, seeing the wolves come nearer and nearer, begged his master to permit him to leave them his horse, by which their rage would, in some measure, be satisfied, and they should gain time to reach Zator. The Count consented; the servant mounted behind the carriage, and let the horse go, which was seized by the wolves, and torn into a thousand pieces. Meantime, the travellers proceeded with all the speed they could, in hopes to reach the town, from which they were not very distant. But the horses were tired, and the wolves becoming more savage now that they had tasted blood, had almost overtaken the carriage. In this extreme necessity, the servant cried out, "There is only one means of deliverance; I will go and meet the wolves, if you will swear to provide as a father for my wife and children. I must perish; but while they fall upon me, you will escape."—Podotsky hesitated to comply; but as there was no prospect of escape, he consented, and solemnly vowed, that if he would sacrifice himself for their safety, he would constantly provide for his family. The servant immediately got down, went to meet the wolves, and was devoured! The Count reached the gates of Zator, and was saved.—The servant was a Protestant; his master a Catholic, and conscientiously kept his word."

#### CURIOUS CONDUIT.

"The inhabitants of Fleet-street, (says Stowe) in the year 1478, obtained licence of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty, to make (at their own charges) two cisternes, the one to be set at the said Standard, (which they had made and finished, 1471); the other at Fleet Bridge, for the receipt of the waste water. This cistern at the Standard they builded, and on the same, a faire Tower of Stone, garnished with Images of Saint Christopher on the top, and Angels round about, lower downe, with sweet sounding bells before them, whereupon, by an engine placed in the Tower, they, divers houres of the day and night,

chymed such an Hymne as was appointed."—*Stowe's London*, 1633.

#### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer*, and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

THE CHURCH AND THE GIBBET.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

*Occasioned by the new Church of St. Mark's being erected at Kennington Common; on the identical spot where the Gallows formerly stood.*

'Tis strange, and yet true, that a church should arise,

Where thieves have so often been hung!

And yet why in reason should such things surprise,

Good deeds should at all times be sung.

Arise, then, St. Mark, in thy glory all bright!

And laurel your *Clergy*-archieves;  
Keep a look on Churchwardens by day  
and by night,

And still have an eye on all thieves.

GUINEAS.—Guineas were first introduced in the reign of Charles II.; other denominations of gold coin had long before been current, but those pieces, the more distinctly to mark them as a new description of money, and in compliment to Sir Robert Holmes, received this appellation, from their having been made of the gold dust brought from the coast of Guinea, by that commander.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Who, 20 years ago, would have supposed that, in the year 1823, ladies and gentlemen would be forced from London Bridge to Calais in twelve hours, by a kettle of boiling water; or that, while we were stirring our drawing-room fire, we should be feeding the lamps at our hall-door? Every thing *has* improved—how much is public taste refined! Instead of barrel organs, grinding English ballads through the streets, we have Savoyards, gaily dressed, playing foreign airs. Instead of two long parallel rows of people jumping awkwardly about a room, by way of dancing, we have the attitudinizing quadrille and the twining waltz; our shops are saloons; our warehouses emporiums; our packets are yachts; our country boxes villas. A man who cures deafness is an *aurist*; a man who cooks one's dinner is an *artist*; a gig, with a head, is a *cabriolet*; a boys' school

is a *seminary*, and a girls' school an *establishment*. An actor's benefit is appointed now—not fixed (like Sylvester Daggerwood's). Instead of common-place exhibitions, such as we had of old, we have fourteen coloured prints stuck on a wall, and called a *cosmorama*; we have a *peristripthic panorama* of the coronation; we have *equestrian exercises* instead of horsemanship, and *gymnasia* instead of tumbling; even Punch himself has grown genteel.

**EPITAPH ON SIR HORATIO PALAVINCI.**—Sir Horatio Palavinci was collector of the Pope's taxes in England, in the reign of Queen Mary, on whose death, and the change of religion that ensued, he took the liberty of keeping the money himself and settling in England. He was possessor of the estate and house at Baberham, near Cambridge. In a MS. of Sir John Crewe, a great antiquary, was this

EPITAPH.

Here lies Horatio Palavazene,  
Who robb'd the Pope, to lend the  
queene,  
He was a thief : a thief !—Thou lyeest;  
For whie? he robb'd but Antichrist.  
Him death with besome swept from  
Bab'ram  
Into the bosome of oulde Abraham:  
But then came Hercules with his club,  
And struck him down to Belzebub."

A silly young fellow, who by the death of a rich relative, had just slipped into a good fortune, called a coach from a stand, in London, and, throwing himself all along upon the seat, told the coachman to drive him *home*. "Home, Sir!" exclaimed the astonished driver, "where is that your honour pleases to call *home*?" "Bless me, coachee, (replied the thing with apparent surprise) I thought I was directing John, my own coachman: it is so seldom I ride in a hack." A desire to display a consequence before a low bred man, who can neither know nor care any thing about you, indicates a mind of very narrow dimensions, but a vanity of insufferable extent.

**REVOLUTIONS IN FASHION.**—The Infanta Isabella, wife of Archduke Albert, vowed, before the siege of Ostend in 1601, never to change the garments she then wore until the place surrendered: it held out three years and 78 days, during which she adhered to her

resolution. In this period her linen, particularly that next to her body, became changed from white to yellow; and although the latter colour was before held in great contempt, it from this circumstance became very fashionable under the name of "*Isabella*." The close crops of the reign of Francis I. of France, were occasioned by a wound he received in his head, which obliged him to have his hair cut off. The beautiful hair of Louis XIV. when a child, introduced perukes with flowing curls; and the enormous wigs which succeeded were invented to cover an inequality in the shoulder of the Dauphin. The ruff was introduced to conceal a scar in the neck of Francis II. Perhaps the variations in the fashions of the present day between loose trousers and tight pantaloons or breeches, for dress, may be attributed to the perfect malformation of the legs of the traders of the *ton* at the moment.

**ORGAN IN YORK MINSTER.**—This noble instrument has been recently completed, and on Sunday week all the stops were used. It is said to be the largest and most complete instrument in Great Britain. The total number of stops is 52—pipes 3254. There are three sets of keys, viz. one for the great nave organ, one for the choir organ, and one for the swell, exclusively of pedals. There are movements for enabling the performer to play two or three sets of keys at once, or to detach the great and choir organs, with the pedals, in addition to the pedal pipes. The Haarlem organ, which is the largest in Europe, contains 60 stops, being eight more than that of York Minster.

The following extraordinary Epitaph, on a gentleman who was killed by lightning while sitting at his window, is copied from a tomb-stone in Lambeth church-yard:

By shock ethereal in a moment slain,  
He felt the power of death, but not the  
pain;  
Swift as the lightning's glance his spirit  
flew,  
And bade this rough tempestuous world  
adieu!  
Short was his passage to that distant  
shore,  
Where storms annoy, and tempests  
cease to roar.

## GOING TO SLEEP.

Hush'd is all nature into calm repose,  
 Nothing wakes up but dark and dread  
 remorse;  
 That ne'er can slumber, that undying  
 worm,  
 Gnawing the heart's core with its ven-  
 om'd tooth—  
 Sleepless the sons of rapine and of  
 wine—  
 Far from the pillow, press'd by wan  
 disease,  
 Flies peaceful rest—Ah me! fell sighs  
 and tears  
 Remain, and anxious cares corroding  
 the worn frame.  
 Thanks, Giver of all good! I lay me  
 down  
 In health, although unworthy; and in  
 peace  
 With thee and all mankind securely  
 sleep.

## WAKING.

Angelic vision! hast thou fled for ever?  
 Methought in beauty's light thou  
 stood'st before me.  
 Parting the golden tresses from thy  
 brow,  
 Serene and beautiful—and thine were  
 tales  
 Of bliss that we should share together,  
 Filling my soul with joy unspeakable;  
 But even then were Reason's stirrings  
 felt—  
 Fond sleeper, wake! these joys can  
 ne'er be thine!  
 The form my fancy conjured hath de-  
 parted;  
 The music of her voice is gone for  
 ever,  
 And death shall darken o'er me with  
 its pall,  
 E'er such a light of loveliness again  
 Shall beam around my path.

**BRITANNIA.**—To Charles II.'s partiality for his graceful and accomplished cousin, Frances Stuart, we owe the elegant representation of Britannia on our copper coin. His admiration of this celebrated beauty induced him to assail her with compliments of various kinds, but in vain; and it was from one of the medals struck to perpetuate his high opinion of her delicate symmetry, that Britannia was stamped in the form she still bears on our halfpence and farthings.

## THE POOR CURATE.

For the Rector in vain through the pa-  
 rish you'll search,  
 But the Curate you'll find living hard  
 by the church.

**A PUN.**—A Hampstead coachman, who drove two miserable hacks, styled his vehicle the *Regulator*. A brother whip called out the other day, while passing him, "I say, Tom, don't you call your coach the *Regulator*?" "Yes, I do," replied the other. "Ay, and a devilish proper name it is," resumed Jehu. "Why so?" "Why, because all the other coaches go by it."

**CRUCIFIXES.**—The letters to be found on the most ancient crucifixes of I. N. R. I. are universally agreed to be the initials of the Latin words *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum*, i. e. Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews, a title which Pilate wrote and affixed to the cross. See John, chap. 19, verses 19, 20, and 21.—The initial I. H. C., appended to other crosses, are said to be those of the Latin words *Jesus Humanitatis Consolator*, Jesus the consoler of mankind; and the I. H. S. are equally intended as the initials of the words *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, Jesus, the saviour of men.

**WHITE TEETH.**—The famous Saunderson, although completely blind, and who occupied in so distinguished a manner, the chair of mathematics in the University of Cambridge, being one day in a large company, remarked of a lady who had left the room, but whom he had never before met, nor even heard of, that she had very white teeth. The company were extremely anxious to learn how he had discovered this, for it happened to be true. "I have no reason," said the Professor, "to believe that the lady is a fool, and I can think of no other motive for her laughing incessantly, as she did for a whole hour together."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Inscriptions in an Alcove in Kensington Gardens, and F. R.—y, on Spontaneous Combustion, in our next.

The communications of H. H. F., C. W. A., Alfred, Bib, Antonio, J. C. C., C. H. C., W., G. D., A. H. M., G. B., Randolph, Q., C. S., and ++, shall have insertion as soon as we can make room for them.

The letters of M. D., W. C. R., and T. Bruin, are not decided on.

M. H. R.'s Poem is deficient in spirit.

Some articles intended for insertion have been mislaid.

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